Valentine's Day: Ryoshu
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Valentine's Day: Ryoshu

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Summary

Her muse—her canvas, her medium, her masterpiece.

No matter how many times you resist, no matter how much you break, a guiding hand ensures you always return, fresh and untouched.

Notes

Help me please there is so much wrong with me

I want ryoshu to abuse me in front of my coworkers while theres nothing I can do about it

https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

See the end of the work for more notes

Mephistopheles rumbled beneath your feet, its steady motion rocking the dimly lit corridor. The work was over for the day, and most of the sinners had already retreated to their rooms or found other ways to pass the time. You were just about to do the same when a sharp knock rapped against your door.

Knock. Knock.

Not a tentative tap, nor an impatient pounding. Just two crisp knocks.

But who would want something at this hour?

Ryōshū stood there, her red eyes gleaming in the low light of the corridor, her odachi strapped to her back. A cigarette rested lazily between her fingers, a faint trail of smoke curling from its tip. She was grinning—no, smirking. There was a quiet amusement in her gaze, as if she had already decided how this conversation would go before it even began.

"Come," she said simply, no room for argument in her tone.

You hesitated. “What is this about?”

Her smirk widened slightly. "Art. You'll see."

You should have closed the door. Should have ignored her. But something in her eyes, it wasn't very often that you got to interact with her. Surely Dante would be pleased that you were interacting with more of your coworkers. She led you down the corridor, past the other doors, until you reached an unoccupied section of the bus—one of the lesser-used rooms, its usual purpose forgotten in the ever-shifting layout of Mephistopheles.

When she pushed open the door, the scent hit you first. Coppery. Thick.

Blood.

Your breath caught as you stepped inside. The walls were painted in streaks of deep crimson, haphazard yet deliberate. Shapes—almost human, yet twisted, contorted—formed grotesque patterns across the surfaces. The floor was slick in places, puddles of red reflecting the dim lighting above. In the center of it all was the canvas—a slab of metal propped against the wall, a mural of gore smeared across it. The remains of someone were scattered in an artful display.

Your stomach twisted. “What… the hell is this?”

Ryōshū exhaled a puff of smoke, stepping beside you, her gaze drinking in the sight before you both. "Expression. Adoration. Beauty, in its truest form." She turned to you, her smirk softening into something almost tender. "For you, H.V.D."

Your skin crawled. “For me?”

"Who else?" she scoffed, tilting her head, cigarette dangling between her fingers. "Everything about you—it’s inspiring. Your movements, your expressions, even your hesitation. It makes me feel something. This—" she gestured toward the mural, "—is my devotion. Just for you."

You took a step back. “This isn’t—this isn’t devotion, Ryōshū. This is—this is horrifying. Why did you kill this person?”

Something in her expression flickered. The amusement in her eyes dulled for a fraction of a second before something else took its place. Disappointment.

"Tch. Dull."

She turned toward you fully, her gaze pinning you in place. Her smirk returned, but this time, it felt different—sharper.

"You don’t get it, do you?" she murmured, taking slow steps forward. "You stand there, looking at my art, and all you can think of is ‘horrifying’?" Her fingers ghosted along the hilt of her odachi. "S.A.D."

You took another step back, only to feel the wall press against your back.

Ryōshū hummed, tilting her head. "No matter. If you won’t see the beauty in it yet, I’ll just have to show you in a different way."

Her free hand shot out, seizing your wrist. Before you could react, she yanked you forward, spinning you effortlessly and pressing your chest flush against the blood-slicked wall. Your breath hitched as the cold, wet surface soaked through your clothes.

"Struggle," she whispered into your ear, her voice laced with excitement. "Scream, if you want. It’ll only make you more beautiful."

Your body reacted on instinct—you twisted, thrashed, but her grip

was unyielding. One hand locked your wrist in place, while the other pressed firmly against your shoulder, keeping you pinned against the mural of gore.

"Tsk, tsk," she tutted, her breath warm against the back of your neck. "So ungrateful."

Your heartbeat pounded in your ears. “Let me go, Ryōshū.”

Her fingers tightened. "No."

A sharp pressure ran along your cheek—cold, metallic. She had drawn her odachi, the flat of the blade brushing against your skin with terrifying ease.

"You’ll understand soon." Her voice was almost gentle, almost loving. "I’ll make you see. I’ll carve devotion into you if I have to."

Your muscles burned as you struggled against her hold, but it was utterly, completely futile. Ryōshū’s strength—effortless, unyielding—pinned you against the blood-slicked wall as if you were nothing more than another part of the grotesque canvas. You could feel her breath ghost along your skin, measured, steady, as if she was savoring every moment of your resistance.

"You’re already shaking." Her voice was almost fond, like a sculptor admiring the shape of raw marble beneath her hands.

The blade of her odachi trailed down the side of your neck, slowly. It wasn’t a threat—it was a promise. A promise of pain, of something inescapable.

"You can stop struggling now." She clicked her tongue, shifting her weight just enough to force your arm behind your back, twisting it to a sharp, painful angle. You hissed in pain, and her grip only tightened. "It won’t change anything. You already know that, don’t you?"

Your breath came in sharp, uneven gasps. “Ryōshū—”

"Shh." The flat of her blade pressed against your collarbone, right where it met your throat. "Listen to me."

She leaned in closer, her lips almost brushing your ear.

"I could cut you open right now." The casual certainty in her voice sent ice down your spine. "I could carve into you, break you apart

piece by piece. And then—" She exhaled, her fingers flexing against your wrist. "—Clockface would just put you back together, wouldn't he?"

Your stomach dropped.

She snickered. Low, breathy, full of delight.

"That's the most beautiful part."

The blade flicked upward, a flash of silver—then a sharp, searing pain bloomed across your cheek. Warmth trickled down your skin, red joining the rest of her crimson canvas. You bit down a cry, gritting your teeth.

Ryōshū hummed in satisfaction. "You feel it, don't you? That sting, that little taste of what's to come?" Her grip on your wrist finally relented—only for her to grab your chin instead, turning your head just enough for her to admire the thin line of blood tracing your cheek.

"And when Clockface fixes you up, it'll be like it never happened." She sighed wistfully, her thumb smearing the blood with deliberate care. "But we'll know, won't we?"

Her grip suddenly tightened, nails digging into your jaw.

"I could do it again. And again. And again." Her voice was soft, unbearably sweet. "You could spend eternity beneath my blade, continuously until you are something perfect in my hands."

Your body trembled. "Ryōshū—this isn't—"

"Isn't what?" She tilted her head, a mockery of innocence. "Love? Devotion? Ah, but that's where you're wrong."

The tip of her blade dragged lower, tracing a slow, agonizing path down your sternum.

"This is the purest kind of love. Art."

Her free hand suddenly gripped your hip, holding you steady as she pressed in closer, breath warm against your throat.

I can break you, mold you, reshape you. And when I'm done? When I've made you perfect?"

Her lips curled into a grin.

"We'll start again from the beginning."

Ryōshū's grip didn't loosen. If anything, it grew tighter, her fingers digging into your skin with an artist's precision—measuring, gauging, claiming. Her eyes, half-lidded and alight with manic devotion, devoured every tremble, every ragged breath you took.

"Yes… this is it," she murmured, almost to herself. Her thumb pressed against the shallow cut on your cheek, smearing the blood into something abstract. "I was right to choose you. The perfect canvas. The perfect muse."

Your pulse hammered in your throat, every instinct screaming at you to fight, to flee. But what was the point? You knew—you knew—how this would end.

"No more hesitations."

A sharp, cold click. The odachi was already lifted.

"Let's begin."

The world split open with white-hot pain.

You barely had time to scream before the first cut carved through you, the blade biting deep into flesh, muscle, bone. It was not a quick, clean strike—it was slow, filled with the precision of an artist working on her greatest masterpiece. The second cut followed just as fast, then a third, a fourth—each stroke a brush on a canvas made of your own body.

"Beautiful."

The agony blurred the edges of your vision, drowning out everything but the raw sensation of being unmade. Blood pooled beneath you, warm and thick, soaking into the floor of Mephistopheles.

"Your expression—ahh, don't move so much." Ryōshū's voice was gentle, almost scolding. "You're ruining the symmetry."

You choked on your own breath, unable to summon words past the pain.

"Don't worry." Her fingers traced the edge of your jaw, gentle, reverent, in stark contrast to the carnage she had already wrought

upon you. "Clockface will put you back together soon enough. And when you open your eyes again, do you know what's going to happen?"

You couldn't respond. You could barely breathe.

She leaned in, her lips brushing against the shell of your ear, whispering like a lover sharing a secret.

"You won't say a single thing."

With that the blade pierced straight through your chest. The room spun. Your body failed.

Darkness swallowed you whole.

And then, light.

A sharp gasp wrenched itself from your throat as your consciousness snapped back into place. The sensation of flesh knitting itself together, of bones realigning, of warmth flooding into limbs that had long since gone cold—it was all too familiar.

You were back.

Your chest heaved, your breath ragged, but the pain—the wounds—the carnage—were gone, wiped clean as if they had never been. Your blood no longer stained the floor, no evidence of the agony you had just endured remained.

Except for her.

Ryōshū sat before you, bathed in the afterglow of her latest masterpiece.

Her smile was serene.

"See?" She tilted her head, eyes half-lidded with satisfaction. "Not a single complaint."

Her fingers, still warm with phantom heat, reached out—cupping your face with an unbearable tenderness.

"You really are perfect for this."

Time became meaningless.

Each revival blurred into the next, every breath you took marking the start of another piece, another masterpiece in Ryōshū's eyes. The first few times, you still struggled—thrashed, pleaded, even tried to fight her off. But resistance was a fleeting thing, a candle flickering in a storm, and she snuffed it out with the same grace she wielded her blade.

"How many times has it been now?" she mused, tilting her head as she observed your trembling form. Her fingers traced idle patterns in the blood pooling beneath you, as if searching for meaning in the crimson tide. "Ten? Twenty? Does it matter?"

It didn't.

Your body was hers, an instrument, a canvas, a medium through which she expressed. Each session was something new, a fresh concept, a different technique. Sometimes she worked slowly, carving into you with delicate precision, peeling back layers of skin like an artist scraping excess paint from a canvas. Other times, she was ruthless, her odachi slashing through you with brutal, sweeping strokes, turning you into something primal, raw, unfiltered.

"Look at that." Her voice was warm, almost affectionate, as she twisted a length of your exposed muscle around her finger, stretching it just enough to make you feel it. "Like strands of silk. What a shame it won't last."

And it never did.

Dante always brought you back. Every cut, every wound, every last shred of suffering reversed like it had never happened. But you remembered. Your body may have been renewed, but your mind—your mind—was burdened with every slash, every puncture, every brushstroke of agony Ryōshū had inflicted upon you.

Yet she never got bored.

One evening, she tried something different.

"I want to see your insides in motion."

Your body convulsed as she opened you, her hands reaching in with

an intimacy far more profound than any lover's touch. She held your heart as it beat frantically against her palm, a perfect, rhythmic pulse against her fingers.

"It's mesmerizing," she murmured, her voice heavy with admiration.

Another time, she turned your body into a living canvas. She sketched inked patterns across your skin before cutting along the lines, flaying away sections to reveal the red beneath in a tapestry of intricate, overlapping shapes.

"Art should be interactive, don't you think?" she had said, her fingers pressing against exposed nerves, watching you react.

You used to scream. You used to fight. But as the sessions continued, something inside you fractured. The resistance faded, worn down by repetition, by inevitability. The pain never lessened, but it became something else—something you no longer dreaded.

And Ryōshū noticed.

"You're not running anymore." She crouched beside you, blade dripping, her expression alight with something between amusement and satisfaction. "You're finally understanding. A canvas doesn't resist the artist—it simply is."

She was right.

At some point, you had stopped struggling. You no longer flinched when she reached for you, no longer begged when she whispered in your ear about what she would do next. Your body still screamed in agony, but your mind no longer recoiled in terror.

It was inevitable.

So, you simply let it happen.

And Ryōshū smiled.

"Finally." She wiped a smear of blood from your cheek, her touch unbearably tender. "Now, let's create something truly beautiful."

No one questioned it.

At first, the others threw you concerned glances—raised a brow when

Ryōshū pulled you away mid-conversation, when you disappeared into the back of the bus with her , when you returned hours later looking pale, unsteady, yet eerily quiet.

But no one stopped her.

Because from an *outside* perspective, it was almost *normal*.

When she interrupted, she did so with an almost *gentle* touch—an arm curling around your shoulder, a hand gripping your wrist, fingers brushing the nape of your neck. To them, it was progress. A sign that she, cold and aloof as she was, had found some attachment beyond her blade.

They did not see the *truth*.

They did not see the glint of steel, the way her odachi slid beneath your ribs, piercing deep, forcing the breath from your lungs in a silent gasp. They did not see the way her fingers tightened *just so*—to steady you, to hold you upright, to ensure you didn't collapse before she was *done*.

They did not hear the whispered words against your ear.

The hallway of Mephistopheles stretched before you in a blur of crimson and dim gold, the lantern light flickering in time with the unsteady rhythm of your steps. Your legs felt weak—each movement sluggish, as if you were wading through water, as if your body no longer entirely belonged to you.

You could feel it. The blade.

Lodged deep beneath your ribs, pressing against something vital, held in place only by Ryōshū's steady hand at your back. Every step sent fresh waves of white-hot pain blooming through your body, but the pressure of her grip kept you moving. She guided you forward, her fingers curled around the hilt of her odachi with the casual ease of an artist holding a brush.

The other Sinners were gathered in the main lounge, sprawled across the bus's worn seats, engaged in murmured conversation or absentmindedly staring outside. A few of them barely spared you a glance. Others looked up, brows twitching with vague curiosity—your movements must have been unsteady enough to catch their attention.

It was Ryōshū who spoke first.

"Feeling sick." she said, her voice light, dismissive, as if your stumbling was nothing of concern, as if the way you swayed against her was simply exhaustion.

You wanted to say something.

To confirm or deny.

To open your mouth and force out *any* sound.

But nothing came.

Your breath was shallow, a trembling rasp barely making it past your lips. Blood loss had turned your limbs weak, your mind hazy, your pulse a sluggish drumbeat in your ears. The only thing keeping you upright was the firm grip of the woman behind you, her arm curled around your shoulders in a mockery of support, *hiding* the blade buried deep in your flesh from view.

Someone—maybe Sinclair—opened their mouth as if to say something, their expression uncertain, but a single glance at Ryōshū had them hesitating.

No one stopped her.

Even as your vision wavered, as your steps grew heavier, as you felt yourself slipping further into the numbing embrace of unconsciousness, no one moved to intervene.

To them, it was just Ryōshū guiding you back.

To them, you were just *unwell*.

And so you walked.

Walked past the weary eyes of the Sinners, past the dim glow of the lounge, past the narrow corridor leading deeper into the labyrinthine halls.

Back to where you belonged.

No one ever followed.

Except *the manager*.

Dante always came, eventually.

But by then, the *art* had already been made.

The walls of her room bore your suffering like a shrine, splattered with countless strokes of red, layered with impressions of agony immortalized in dried crimson and torn fabric. Some nights, she painted with her brush—others, she used her fingers, pressing them deep into the open wounds she'd carved into your skin, smearing the blood into swirling patterns as you trembled beneath her touch.

"Hold still," she'd say, her voice featherlight as she dragged the tip of her blade across your exposed throat, *just* enough to let you feel the edge, *just* enough to remind you that you were *hers*.

And when Dante finally came—when your broken body was lifted from the wreckage of her latest creation and made whole again—you never spoke a word.

Not about what happened in that room.

Not about the blade hidden beneath the guise of affection.

Not about the way your body, time and time again, became her masterpiece.

And so, that was how you became her muse.

End Notes

Among us

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!